# UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

*Editors*

John Haynes Holmes  Francis Neilson

## Religion and Science

*By* CLARENCE R. SKINNER

## A Great American

*By* J. T. SUNDERLAND

## The British Labor Party

VOLUME XCIII  NUMBER 4

Chicago, March 27, 1924

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

# UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

## *A Journal of the Religion of Democracy*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

UNITY Fellowship

FRANK C. DOAN
CHARLES F. DOLE
ZONA GALE
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
H. R. MUSSEY
FRANCIS NEILSON
EDMUND H. REEMAN
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Managing Editor

EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBERTS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
GEO. W. COOKE, Grand Haven, Mich, - } "Notes and News."

Editorial Contributors

Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
Percy M. Dawson
James Waldo Fawcett
David Starr Jordan
Curtis W. Reese
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—P. M. Matthéeff
CANADA—Sidney Snow
CHINA—Robert B. Whitaker
ENGLAND—Fred Hankinson
E. D. Morel
Walter Walsh
FRANCE—G. Demartial
Romain Rolland
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Guglielmo Lucidi
RUSSIA—Alina Huebsch

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

*"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"*

## UNITY Fellowship Associates

### BOND OF UNION

**We, the undersigned, believing in the association of all men and women who are in sympathy with the aims and ideals set forth in the Announcement printed November 3rd, 1921, do invite all who wish to co-operate to join in a world-wide fellowship that has no bounds of race or creed.**

**The name of this fellowship is The Unity Fellowship Associates and its purpose is the interpretation of the Religion of Democracy. Membership means a declaration of sympathy and interest. There are no dues. Members may make voluntary contributions which will be used for the purpose of making known the aims of the Fellowship and the publication of its literature.**

**UNITY will be the organ of this Fellowship and all members will be requested, though not compelled, to be subscribers.**

**Lists of the members will be sent to all members so that they may be known to one another. Local groups may be formed wherever there exists a sufficient number and there is the desire to do so.**

**All persons who desire to become members may do so by sending their names to UNITY, care of Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Ill.**

**Name** .....

**Address** .....

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

To UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find check for which please enter my subscription to UNITY for one year.

Mr. (Mrs. or Miss) _____

Address _____

Rates: $3.00 ($3.50 in Canada; $4.00 in other countries) for a year's subscription. Single copies 10 cents.

## *Contents*

EDITORIAL—
Notes ..... 55
Religion and Science. II. Four Types of Conflict.—CLARENCE R. SKINNER ..... 57
The British Labor Party.—J. H. H ..... 59
Jottings.—J. H. H ..... 61

ARTICLES—
Truth!—*Woodrow Wilson* ..... 55
A Chicago Resolution to Outlaw War ..... 62
A Great American.—J. T. SUNDERLAND ..... 63

POETRY—
Sea.—CHARLES RICE ..... 62

CORRESPONDENCE—
A French Book, "Let Us Outlaw War."—JOHN MEZ ..... 66
For 100 Per Cent American Outlawry of War. ARTHUR B. HEEB ..... 66
Another Appeal from Germany.—LOUIS LOCHNER ..... 66
Thanks from Berlin.—BETTY HIRSCH ..... 66
Corrections.—GEORGE C. WHEELER ..... 67
"The Land of the Free."—B ..... 67

THE FIELD—
A Call for a War-Free World ..... 67
Emergency Foreign Policy Conference ..... 67
Abraham Lincoln Centre Friday Morning Forum 68

# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIII THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1924 NUMBER 4

TRUTH!

**"It must be a peace without victory. It is not pleasant to say this. . . . I am seeking only to face realities and to face them without soft concealment. Victory would mean peace forced upon the losers, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory, upon which terms of peace would rest not permanently, but only as upon a quicksand. Only a peace between equals can last."**

*January 22, 1917.* —*Woodrow Wilson.*

---

"What's the use of trying to be different," exclaims one of the characters in Wassermann's great story, "The World's Illusion" (volume II, page 227). "Would you want me to be different? If I were, I'd only have other faults. Do let me be as I am." We sympathize with this appeal, and wonder that more people are not ready to respect it. Why not let men be what they are? Why criticize them, and try to change them into what they are not? Each one of us is primarily and gloriously *himself*—a combination of qualities never known before which unite to make up what is so properly called an "individual." Some of these qualities are regarded as virtues, others as vices. The virtues (if we think them virtues) we praise; the vices (if we think them vices) we condemn and strive to uproot. We are especially zealous in this uprooting business in the case of children, whom we seek from birth to make over into something other than they are or were intended to be. But why this anxiety to make people conform to standards—not absolute standards, mark you, for we have none, but *our* standards? A person must be like *us,* or have qualities which *we* call virtues, or meet *our* expectations of what is fitting or nice or ideal, else meet the rebuke of our criticism and displeasure. Anything more preposterously impudent than this we do not know. Why, in heaven's name, not let people be what they are in native talent and character? If they are mild and gentle, so be it; we need mild and gentle people in the world. If they are militant, aggressive, denunciatory, so be it again; we need more iron of this type in men's blood to meet the pressing evils of society. Whatever men are, they have their place in the economy of the spiritual universe. Qualities which please us least may be indispensable for the work that must be done for the Kingdom. We eat strawberries and cream with a silver spoon, but clean a stable with an iron manure fork.

It is amazing, when you stop to think of it, how the American people are willing to stand by and allow France without interference to strangle the life out of Germany. Even if the iniquity of the situation does not reach us as an idealistic nation, it would seem as though we might be moved at least by the dictates of self-interest. For in ruining Germany, of course, France is ruining the United States as well. For instance, during the past three years Germany has consumed less than 6 bushels of bread cereals per capita as against 9 bushels per capita in the years 1909-13 (U. S. Department of Agriculture, January 28, 1923). This means that there has been a decreased consumption for the past three-year period of a half billion bushels of wheat and rye! Again, in the period 1919-1923, Germany consumed 2,414,000 bales of American cotton, as compared with some 4,600,000 bales which "should have been consumed on the basis of her consumption during the 1911-13 period—a falling off of about 2,414,000 bales. Still again, to quote the report of the Department of Agriculture (January 28, 1924), "To restore the pre-war per capita of supplies of meats and fats, it would be necessary for Germany to import over 1,000,000,000 pounds of beef, over 2,000,000,000 pounds of pork, and about 1,000,000,000 pounds of animal fats." And we wonder that the American farmer is in distress, and we fool ourselves into believing that we can save him by extending credits. There are many factors in the present situation in this country, not a few of them domestic, but if there is any one of them more vital at this moment than the European impasse, we fail to see what it is. A prostrate Germany means a prostrate Europe; a prostrate Europe means sooner or later a prostrate America. Before this paragraph appears in print, Gen. Dawes's commission will probably have reported. What the recommendations of this commission will be, we dare not forecast, but if they be not single to the prosperity and happiness of Germany, they will be worse than useless!

---

*The American Mercury,* the new magazine edited by H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, is evidently starting out with the idea that the way to succeed is to attack all accepted ideas, and thus show us what "boobs" we are. In the first issue, for example, Abraham Lincoln was given a showing-up which was novel

to say the least. In the current issue (March) the same method is followed. Thus John Brown is presented as an ordinary border ruffian, a horse-thief and a murderer, and Theodore Parker as "a pulpit orator with an obsession for blood"; of the Bible it is said that it "cannot be regarded as anything but a vicious book"; and William Howard Taft is described as "a good President . . . a far better President than McKinley, Harrison or Hayes." These smart absurdities are quite in the best Menckian tradition. They make excellent reading, but we hardly think that they will carry the *Mercury* very far as a leader of opinion. And this is a pity, for we believe that Mencken and his associate, among the very few critics of life and letters in this country to be mentioned in the same breath with English and European contemporaries, have it in them to produce a journal of first-rate importance. For ourselves, we are ready to forgive them almost anything for such bits as the nostalgic review of the war period in America (page 323) and the straight talk about Warren Gamaliel Harding (page 326), not to speak of such articles as Gregory Mason's "Chautauqua: Its Technic" and D. W. Sinclair's "Six Orchestral Conductors." Mere contrariness, an obvious form of self-indulgence, is unworthy of men who are themselves capable of such splendid achievements. And the same thing is true of such slovenliness as attributing Taft's famous "God knows" remark to a statement made to a reporter "as he got off his train somewhere" (page 317), when everybody knows that the phrase was used in answer to a question in Cooper Union; and such ludicrous ignorance as confusing the famous philanthropist, Dr. Howe, with the man who invented the sewing machine (page 271).

---

The death of Henry Bacon called forth fitting tributes to a modest gentleman and a great artist. It also stirred anew the praise of what is called his greatest achievement, the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. That this structure, as a structure in itself, is a well-nigh perfect piece of classic art, we are ready to concede. It is entirely possible that it is the noblest building of its type since the golden days of Pericles. Certainly it has a beauty of line and feature, of dignity, repose and august purity, which is most impressive. Set in the wide area of its admirably chosen site, it looks like some vision of another world, a happy glimpse of infinite and eternal things. All this is true! And yet, for all its sheer loveliness, the building, as a memorial to Abraham Lincoln, "the first American," seems to us to be utterly preposterous. The structure is ancient, not modern; Greek, not American. It is a positive shock to pass the pillars into the shrine and find oneself in the presence of French's "Lincoln" instead of Phidias's "Minerva." In the shining marble, the dim light, the awful silence, there is abundant suggestion of gods, even of kings and princes, but not a shred of the uncouth frontiersman who made his way into the presidency of our democratic republic. In the very perfection and sublimity of it all, there seems a repudiation of this man, for whom, says Lowell, Nature threw aside "her Old-World moulds"

> And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
> Of the unexplored West,
> With stuff untainted shaped a hero new.

What we really have in this memorial is an expression not of Lincoln but of the Lincoln myth now so rapidly growing among us. We don't believe that Lincoln would have liked it, any more than he would have liked the classic robe which he carries in the Emancipation Statue. After all, he was an Illinois lawyer, not an Athenian orator; a man, and not a deity.

---

In the *Christian Register* for March 6th, pages 238-239, there appears a report of the February meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association. In this report there appears the following passage:

> The President presented a letter from Rev. Henry W. Pinkham and a telegram from Richard Lloyd Jones, but no action was taken.

This statement seems harmless enough, until it is noted, as we have reason for believing, that the "letter from Rev. Henry W. Pinkham" thus referred to is the "Open Letter to Dr. Eliot" which was published in UNITY on February 21st last. This letter called attention to the recent appeal of the *Christian Century* to the churches to "outlaw war without waiting for the state. . . . Let some demoninational body take this stand." "Why not the Unitarian body," said Mr. Pinkham, citing the long and glorious record written by Unitarians in opposition to war and in support of peace.

> "I covet this honor for our fellowship," he continued. "We have the opportunity to become the moral vanguard of the Christian church in America. . . . For the Unitarians as a body to declare against war would be something dramatic to which all Christian bodies would give heed."

This is the letter which was read—an urgent appeal, backed by excellent example and precedent, to meet in some truly Christian way the challenge of the greatest evil of our time. And *"no action was taken"!* This is characteristic, but a disgrace all the same. Also it threatens to be a lost opportunity, for we happen to know that the *Christian Century* has received such a response to its editorials calling upon the churches of the country to have no more to do with war, as to justify it in continuing its campaign to what it is confident is going to be a triumphant issue. We hang our heads in shame that, in this hour of spiritual awakening, the Unitarians are silent and inert.

---

It is interesting, depressing, amusing, according to varying temperament and mood, to read in the *Continent* (January 31st) of the waning strength of the

rural churches in Scotland. In *Scotland*—of all places in the world! Scotland, well called "the mother of churches"!—not more than a generation ago, Scotland was producing clergymen and theological scholars as other countries produce lawyers and physicians, and most of these clergymen and scholars came then, as formerly, from the country parishes. But now the situation is completely changed. The churches are dying, and the candidates for orders are not "coming up" any more. Scotland, says the *Continent*, "is just about as depressed and pessimistic as America is over the survival of rural religion"—which is saying a good deal. Combination along union or community lines is of course the only way out; and it is interesting to hear that this work of reorganization has begun in this most religiously conservative of all countries. Thus we learn from a local Scotch paper that the Highland Presbytery of Arbroath has just voted to combine the two parishes of Letham and Averlemno under a single pastor. Necessity dictates interesting policies. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The death of denominational Protestantism is destined to be the life of the new community religion of the future.

---

This question of rural churches abroad brings us back to the perennial question of rural churches at home. The question has been investigated again and again, always with discouraging results, but always some new observer is surveying the field. The latest is Dr. Edmund deS. Brunner, acting for the Institute of Social and Religious Research, in New York City. His information, collected from a thousand different counties, is as depressing as all that has preceded. Thus, Dr. Brunner finds that only one person out of five in the country is a church-goer. Two-fifths of the churches are standing still or going backward. Seven out of ten of these churches share their pastors with other churches, and one out of five has no Sunday school. We wonder, as we have long wondered, in the face of statistics of this kind, where on earth the census takers get the figures which seem to prove that the churches in America are so prosperous. There never has been a single intensive study of religious conditions yet which has not revealed appalling facts of empty, dying or dead churches—but the general picture presented each year of gains and losses in religion remains as brilliant as ever. Wonderful imaginations these swivel-chair statisticians have in the denominational headquarters! But to return to Dr. Brunner and his survey! Undertaking to explain the tragic circumstances which he has discovered, he pitches in to the home mission offices of the various sects, which he holds responsible for the continuation of competitive and subsidized churches. Few of these churches could exist at all if they did not receive doles from some denominational fund, and few of these give anything in return for what they receive. But of 211 aided churches, the survey shows that no less than 149 could be dispensed with without any loss. The remedy for such a situation is of course the community church. Yet the denominations won't admit it, and fight every effort to move along this constructive and saving line.

## Religion and Science

II. Four Types of Conflict.

After surveying the literature on this subject, it might be said that there are four general types of conflict and four methods of solution. These types arise out of temperamental emphases, historical and cultural backgrounds, accidents of training, and the values which are held by the individual or the group. The number of persons who experience any of these types of conflict varies greatly during different periods according to the dominance of religion or science, and especially according to the comparative rate of progress being made in either sphere. In comparatively static times when life flows smoothly through well worn channels, and when loyalties are comparatively well defined, conflicts are less numerous. But in dynamic times when thought is creative and turbulent, when the relations between institutions is shifting and loyalties are reforming, conflicts become more numerous and are sharper.

In times when there are great waves of authentic religious enthusiasm, the conflicts are apt to end with the acceptance of the religious claims. But in times when science is gaining popular recognition and making manifest progress, it is more apt to end with the acceptance of the claims of science.

Thus, while the conflict contains some permanent elements, it is likewise to a large extent a variable, depending upon contemporary conditions. But usually, the four types can be recognized in general outline at any time or place.

The first of these types is illustrated by those persons who recognize in theological dogmas and sacred literatures the ultimate authority for law, truth and custom. They are literalists, they are absolutely uncompromising, and they believe that no doctrine developed by scientists can possibly be true if it is not in harmony with their pre-established religious authority.

In this type the issue is clearly drawn. The conflict involves little or no inner adjustment, for there is no uncertainty of conviction. There is no dualism and consequently no disintergration. The problem of religion and science presents no difficulties because the

"mental set" of the individual is predetermined and unswerving. There is but one possible outcome to the battle, and that is victory for the claims of religion and utter confusion for the postulates of science.

Undoubtedly the most extreme illustration of this type is found in one of the early fathers of the Christian Church, who, in a mood of unquestioning confidence, declared *"credo qui absurdum est"* (I believe because it is absurd). To this kind of a mind, the war against science is a holy war, sanctioned by Almighty God, and bringing the peace that passeth all understanding to those who enlist on the side of truth. The problems as to what the truth is and what are the criteria of truth, are as far removed from the minds of these happy warriors as from the usual crusader who embraces a cause because it is holy. The question is not, "what is truth?" but, "are you on the side of truth?"

The conflict of this type thus becomes objective, and its chief results are social. Wherever people of this mind exist, there we find intolerance, summary restriction of freedom and attempts at persecution. In olden times this meant ecclesiastical inquisitions, burnings at the stake, foul dungeons or banishments for those who dared to defy the ultimate authority. In modern times it means control of schools, the purging from curricula of the most progressive thought, narrowing of sectarian pulpits, supervision of denominational press and general bigotry in social relations. Above all, it prevents the more general acceptance of scientific methods of thinking, by substituting dogmatic assumptions for free critical inquiry.

James Harvey Robinson's stimulating "Mind in the Making" might be summarized by the author's trenchant sentence, "the time has come to think about thinking," a truth which is widely recognized by educators and scholars everywhere. But the attitude of this dogmatic type of religious and theological crusader whom we are considering, prevents this very process, for the essence of his conflict is to oppose an assumed true thought to assumed untrue thought, and thus to completely ignore the more basic problem which Robinson urges upon us; namely, that of the thinking process itself.

The solution for this conflict is of course simple and straightforward to the person who accepts the religious revelation or theological tenet as his final authority. It consists in war against those forms of science hostile to the established ecclesiastical sanctions. It is peace with victory.

But of course the victory is never won, and therefore society witnesses the periodical outbreak of the warfare by those who have the courage and illusion to believe that they shall be able to deliver the final crushing blow. Unquestionably the number of persons who hold this view is proportionately on the decrease, and this solution, which is obviously no solution, is being less frequently proposed. But these facts must not blind us to the real danger which is constantly at work in the religious, educational and social life of the community.

The second type of conflict is less simple and is not so clearly drawn. It contains wide divergencies of experience, is represented by a larger number of persons and has furnished probably the most difficult religious perplexities. We find here the people who are predominantly religious in temperament, who try to believe in the tenets of the church with unswerving loyalty, but who also believe in the facts and laws of science, and who welcome the scientific spirit as being of great value to the modern man.

In this case we have little conflict in the objective sense. Whatever struggle arises usually comes paradoxically from an endeavor to harmonize the teachings of the two disciplines. There are therefore no persecutions, no dungeons, no harsh and peremptory restrictions of freedom, but rather an endeavor to pacify the warriors of the bitter end type. Outwardly, these religious perplexities leave the social life undisturbed, but inwardly, doubts may struggle and wars may rage until the individual is torn by apparently irreconcilable loyalties.

The higher allegiance to religion claims the man's whole mind and soul, for it will not brook the serving of two masters. Here are the emotional values associated with the highest aspirations. Here are associations with the sublimest experiences where the soul has towered above the lower planes of life into the rarest spiritual altitudes. Here are truths which command the sensitive mind by their majesty and beauty.

But science, though it may dwell upon less august heights, appeals to the concrete, the obvious, the easily proven. It also commands by its irresistible appeal to common sense and every day experience. Its lure cannot be denied by those who follow its sober and realistic processes of reason; and so it, in turn, becomes a jealous god and soon demands an undivided allegiance.

It seems a strange irony of fate that an endeavor to harmonize the tenets of science with the dogmas of religion should lead to conflict and should furthermore be the frequent cause of the loss of strict intellectual integrity. But such is the case. In the first place, it leads to never-ending conflict because science is dynamic and not static. The moment two apparently irreconcilable ideas in religion and science have been made to lie down together like the lion and the lamb in the same mind, along come new discoveries, laws, interpretations which throw the hard won peace into turbulent confusion again. Final peace for this type comes only when the individual ceases thinking. As long as he is mentally alert he must be eternally readjusting. The swifter the evolution of life, the more dynamic the times, the more difficult it will be to find a solution which will remain stable.

For instance:—after the religionist has harmonized his theory of a theistic universe with the law of gravitation (which was once a besetting problem), a new theory of

relativity causes a new scientific interpretation of all physical absolutes. Thus a theism which is harmonized with the older Newtonian physics falls out of harmony, the work of reconstruction has to be done over again and by the time this new synthesis is effected, a new theory will arise in relation to relativity and the conflict will have to be wrought out and fought out again. The same process must inevitably occur with reference to all scientific laws, whether of astronomy, chemistry, physics, geology or biology. Not one of these fields remains stable. Therefore if it were possible to make a complete harmony at any one time between the teachings of religion and science it could not remain the same harmony for one whose intellectual life is vigorous and free.

This statement is not meant to be in disparagement of the endeavor to create a temporary harmony, not is it meant to discourage those who need this particular escape from the conflict. It may be impossible as it may be unwise to allow these two great interests of life to remain in separate categories without integration. Psychologically, life needs to be made one. The point which the writer raises at this juncture is simply the fact that this kind of peace is apt to be merely a lull in a never ending process of conflict.

And furthermore this endeavor may easily lead to an intellectual life which is not entirely honest and sound, because it leads to the process of rationalizing; and in recent years we have made great progress in understanding the harm done by this process. We have discovered that it is possible to find "good" reasons for any position which we wish to defend. In fact some psychologists go so far as to say that the chief function of our mental life is exactly that of rationalizing. It may be the chief function from the point of view of quantity; but few would acknowledge that it is the supreme function from the point of view of quality. There is a higher purpose of the mind than that of merely re-enforcing our belief; it is that of discovering truth. The mind at its best can fight its way against the hosts of subconscious prejudices and emotional demands to a high level of free and clear thinking where the individual cleaves to truth.

The individual who accepts the creeds and teachings of the church as the primary authority and who also welcomes the scientific spirit, is constantly under the temptation to rationalize the facts and laws of science to prove his religious assumptions. He unconsciously falls into the position of the mediæval scholastics whose mottoes were *"credo ut intelligam"* (I believe that I may understand), and *"fideus quaereus intellectum"* (faith seeking knowledge). The temptation is not one of wilfully misrepresenting facts, but rather of misinterpreting them, of twisting their meaning out of their context and making them serve ends and purposes foreign to their real nature. It is the old logical fallacy of the *agumentum ad hominem* and special pleading. Wherever assumptions are made as to the truth of premises in thought almost any conclusion can be drawn. The scholastics were past masters at that!

And so there are many persons today who lay hold on the latest electron theory (without knowing much about it) and by a process of rationalizing or special interpretation make it prove God, the existence of the soul and immortality. So with every fact of every branch of science. The Darwinian hypothesis which was at first fought tooth and nail as being the rankest atheism and the most degrading to man is finally made to prove the splendor of God and the dignity of man.

The writer does not here suggest that scientific facts may not be or ought not be used in proof of religious creeds or dogmas. The point is the danger of *forcing* scientific facts to *seem* to prove what they do not mean. Herein lies the danger to the integrity of a man's thought.

In order to think straight one must be free. In order to be free one must not make assumptions in religion which must be proved by science. Truth must be free to be true, and freedom must be true to be freedom.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

*(Concluded.)*

# The British Labor Party

We received the other day from an old and revered friend, a veteran now in retirement after a life-time of heroic service in the cause of peace, a letter which we want to share with our readers, so rich it is in memories, so foward-looking and courageous in spirit. Enclosed with the letter was a newspaper article by Mr. Frank Simonds, which was its text. The article, of great interest and value in itself, described a reception held at a West-end hotel in London, in celebration of the advent of the Labor Party to power. Written in a delightful personal vein, the article presented a glowing picture, as follows:

It was perhaps 10 o'clock when Nevinson and I made our way into the hotel through the thin wall of bystanders waiting patiently against the assured coming of the prime minister, not yet arrived. As we checked our coats at the bottom of the staircase I noted that my slip was numbered 760, and since we were among the latest comers, it is fair to calculate that the whole party numbered about 800.

Climbing the twisted staircase, we came immediately into an outer hall crowded with groups of people formed in little circles. Pausing for a moment at the staircase, we paid our formal respects to our hostess and then were presented to the happiest person I have yet seen in Europe, the little daughter of the prime minister.

Standing beside her hostess, gravely receiving and returning the words of greeting, this girl—perhaps she is older, but in her simple dress and among so many elderly she seemed no more than 16—with shy and startled manner, yet calmly and with utmost self-possession, looked out upon a world that had come to greet her father, tomorrow to be fully and completely prime minister of Britain.

There was about her a touch of youth which suggested that for her it was all almost a dream, and there was besides the touch of dignity that made her, after all, her father's daughter as unmistakably as the resemblance in her face to his. Patently it was her first party—and what a party!—and to it she

added something indefinable, but at once charming and unmistakable.

Passing this barrier of formal introduction, I followed closely upon my gallant guide, now like a small boat attached to a vigorous steam launch; then losing my hawser and steering as Henry of Navarre bade his followers, by the white oriflamme, this time of Nevinson's locks, I began the amazing circle of introduction.

First, by a sudden right turn, abrupt and unheralded, I arrived almost in the arms of C. P. Trevelyan, president of the board of education and bearer of a name many times distinguished in British letters.

A left turn, and with equal abruptness, I was cast upon the charity always gracious of Pethick Laurence and Susan Laurence, his wife, who together had won the final victory in the great war of "votes for women" and are potent factors in the new Labor group.

And from their presence diagonally through groups of Labor M. P.'s thick as the leaves in the Vallombrosa, I came to a halt before Massingham, perhaps the greatest of British editors and surely one of the intellectual giants of the Radical cause in England.

Again I was caught up in the surge and, vainly struggling after, was presented breathless to a keen and shaggy eyebrowed gentleman vaguely, very vaguely perhaps, suggesting the late Lord Bryce. My name Nevinson announced and then, commissioned to seek coffee for some stricken lady, the knightly soul he always is, he deserted me.

A little lamely, I fear, I asked a name and was met with the smiling rejoinder, re-enforced by merrily twinkling eyes, "Oh, I am Lord Kimberly," and so, caught in a narrow isle of safety, while about me and around me the British revolution flowed ceaselessly and the tide of socialism rose higher and higher, a vagrant American encountered his first earl.

As Nevinson returned, there was a new stirring toward the center without immediately apparent reason. A closely drawn group began to open ranks and presently there emerged a compact, smiling, keen-faced little woman, whose emergence brought from right and left immediate pleased murmurs of, "Oh, it's Margaret!"

Again my faithful master came into action and in another moment, abashed, I stood before the shrewd and uncomfortably appraising glance of Britain's first cabinet woman, Miss Margaret Bondfield.

Next, while Nevinson did an incantation over my head at another figure towering above me, I found myself in the presence of Gooch, the historian, whose recent book on the "Nineteenth Century" enlists the enthusiasm of all competent reviewers. Over my head still, he boomed a thunderous declaration that "isolation was impossible and America could not stay out," thus concentrating on me, poor cockleshell, that volley which I could wish might have fallen upon those battleships of isolation, Borah and Brandegee.

From Gooch by devious turnings and twistings, by several poets, justly incredulous when Nevinson gallantly and mendaciously affirmed my knowledge of their verse; gently caroming off E. D. Morel, fiercest critic of France, of the allies, of all things, King Leopold's enemy of the Congo days, I was cast up like driftwood at the feet of Sydney Webb, president of the board of trade, father of the Fabian movement, at whose feet so many have sat and still sit, the cabinet minister who in learning and in scientific preparation is perhaps the best qualified minister Britain has ever known.

Then ensued an interlude, in the course of which I encountered Miss Evelyn Sharp, whom last I saw newly back from Russia, where she had performed marvellous and devoted service in the hideous famine time two years ago.

Then Josiah Wedgwood, who sits for Arnold Bennett's "Five Towns," is in the new cabinet and never has been out of any debate for many years.

Then came tangency to another lion, the target of many gentle jabs and of much amused banter, Col. Thomson, when I last saw him. Then he was equally famous in Paris as the man who blew up the oil wells in Rumania when the Germans broke through in 1917 and as Lenin's frankest admirer in the Paris peace conference.

Now he was Gen. Thomson, tomorrow he would be Baron Thomson, Labor's first created peer, sent with two other conscripts to represent revolution in the last citadel of feudalism. He, too, is a cabinet minister, secretary for the air, I think—not wholly inappropriately.

Beyond the staircase where I had mounted there was a new stir, and presently there came, wearing a cape coat, a square, almost squat figure, Labor's greatest captive from the Liberal party, Lord Haldane, lord chancellor and minister of war in other Liberal cabinets and now lord chancellor again. This was the man who carried the messages to Berlin, whose conversations with Tirpitz did not prevent naval competition or avert the world war; the man whose famous and unfortunate phrase, "Germany is my spiritual home," cost him seven full years of national execration.

Thanks to Nevinson, he gave me a passing word, with just a sly, almost chuckling, glance, tinged with gentle malice hardly to be expected in an orator who once introduced "Sittlichkeit" to an amazed America.

Next appeared Arthur Henderson, member of many past cabinets, Labor's representative in coalition, now chief strategist of the whole army, home secretary in the new cabinet, candidate in an approaching bye-election, holding in his party the position comparable to national chairman in our own party system, and held the greatest political organizer in British politics.

Last to come, expected, awaited that the evening might be complete, was the prime minister himself.

First there was a faint, far-off sounding of cheers below, then a noise of feet on the staircase, a certain electrical thrill in the air, and Labor's first prime minister arrived, clad like all of us in morning clothes, in the dress in which most if not all of these wonderful people had done battle for ideas and dreams against hard and grim realities.

Mr. Macdonald took his place beside his little daughter in the receiving line, and suddenly her face blossomed like that of a child when the Christmas tree, long admired in darkness, comes alight with all its many candles.

Of any formal demonstration there was nothing, neither was there any sudden rush; the leader had patiently come to his army, but not with any manner of authority. And so, in little groups, without haste, his captains and his private soldiers, women as well as men, rather more women than men, moved across to say good evening to "Ramsay" and pass on.

So, in my turn, Nevinson compelling and fortune favoring, I was brought before Mr. Macdonald and introduced, decorated with I know not what titles of journalistic eminence, which I am relieved to believe he did not hear.

As he faced me he was a tall, striking figure, a face sober, sombre almost to the point of sadness, with high cheek-bones, deep-set and piercing eyes, a rather narrow forehead, crowned with a wonderful mane of whitening hair, the one distinguishing detail.

A little hard and grim the face was, just as the figure, broad, loosely hung, suggested the laborer—although I believe he has never worked with his hands—until suddenly the face lighted with a swift flash of his eyes, which seemed to break as an electric light when you press the button, and what was dark becomes instantaneously illuminated. A vigorous hand-shake, a kindly personal word of greeting, and I gave way to others.

Drifting away and watching at a distance, the face seemed to me still more rugged, with a sense of weariness and yet of surviving reservoirs of strength. Looking thus at this man, who on the morrow would face Parliament as prime minister, it was impossible not to recall the vicissitudes of ten years.

Less than that space of time had passed since he alone in Parliament stood squarely against the declaration of war. The weight of a whole national disapproval had fallen upon him as it had in the Boer war time, yet he had never recanted, never modified his position. The press had lashed him; and, even more painful circumstance, perhaps, his golf club in his own corner of Scotland had cast him out. Even his constituents had finally rejected him in Loyd George's khaki election.

Yet now, himself unchanging, all about him had changed, and tomorrow he would be in fact prime minister. Certainly rarely in political history in England or out of it has there ever been such a transformation in the personal fortunes of one man.

And now, having perhaps with far too great detail described the outward circumstances of this, Labor's first night, I would justify myself by a few words of comment.

There was in the very atmosphere something which was in itself almost impossible to describe and quite beyond all forgetting. Here were gathered in two relatively small rooms more than half of the new British cabinet, upward of a hundred members of a new Parliament, ranging from dockers and miners to lords and at least one earl.

Here were men and women whose names are familiar from one end to the other of the English speaking world, men and women of letters, of scientific achievement, of social service; and I think, save for myself and perhaps a Hindoo girl in native costume, there were no strangers.

Here were men and women who, over years in widely sepa-

rated fields only slowly drawn together, had been fighting for a common cause. They had, if I may use the figure, been scattered in all sorts of outposts, unconscious of supporting troops, knowing only of the strength of the opposition. And suddenly, by the magic of a victory totally undreamed of, they had been brought together here.

Most, probably all, of these people were radicals in the American sense, many of them extreme radicals. Most of them had suffered socially; some even more directly for their faiths. Yet they were, seeing them together, impressively British—British by race, by manner, by everything. That imponderable and magnificent myth, the British Constitution, might have given its benediction without a qualm.

Between all these people, only newly divided by cabinet rank and official dignities, there was something of the feeling you might find in a company of soldiers who had together made a long campaign, not of weeks but of years, faced enemies and privations, tested each other in the long hours which weed out those of little faith and weaker nerves. Now they had come through at last to victory and a sort of curiously indescribable but uplifting sense, not so much of the value of triumph as that of comradeship.

I have been all my active life a political reporter. I have seen every form of American politics, from the election district on the East side of New York to the national convention. I have seen party gatherings in battle, in defeat and in victory, the nationally great under practically every circumstance; yet there was in this Labor gathering a spirit, a something which I cannot better describe than say it was different from all else in my experience.

It was frankly a high water mark; those who were living it said with just a touch of that sadness which complete success brings: "It never can happen again." Yet it had a quality which you think of when you read of other great and significant movements in human history, high endeavors carried forward by people big and little, wise and even foolish, moved by the curious, impelling influence of a common cause and the force of an intercommunicated enthusiasm by which people are lifted out of themselves for the moment and do impossible things—alas, only for the moment, too.

There was also in this amazing gathering a sense of essential democracy, hardly to be quite paralelled in any American experience; democracy and that infinitely rarer thing that the French demand, too, namely, fraternity.

I think every one was more or less conscious that the moment was transitory and that tomorrow politics, the ordinary sordid compromising party politics, would supervene; that the hour would not and could not be recaptured—yet it was the hour for which so many in the groups had worked so long and lived so hard and would never altogether forget even in ultimate failure.

Then comes the letter—from our beloved Edwin D. Mead! How glad we are to have it. Says Mr. Mead:

"I am deeply impressed by this article by Mr. Simonds—impressed by thinking how impossible such a scene would be in Washington. We prate about our democracy; yet in political life we are miles behind England in democracy. Here are some 150 Labor men (Labor men with them means workers by hands or brains) in Paliament and actually controlling the Government. How many Labor men have we in Congress—and how much attention would a social function of this kind in Washington receive? . . . . I would reprint this as a text.

"It is doubly interesting to me, for we know most of the men spoken of. We have known Ramsay Macdonald for twenty-five years, since the early days of 1899 when he came over here with William T. Stead to stir us up about the then approaching Hague Conference; and we never forgot the interesting evening when he was with us in our little parlor in old Pinckney Street and the meeting we helped Dr. Hale arrange for him. Two years later, in 1901, when we were in London, he and Mrs. MacDonald gave a little reception for us and there we first met G. P. Gooch and the others mentioned. Always after that we saw Macdonald on our trips to Europe, having a long talk about the war in 1914; and Mrs. Mead has had letters from him this last year. He is really a magnificent fellow, with intellect and conscience true to the pole star, and his coming to the Premiership is a thing of great moment.

"Morel we first met when he came over to the Boston Peace Congress in 1904 to present the Congo situation. He is a hero. I have noticed with pleasure your comments about him. Massingham I knew still earlier—and also the Webbs. They were here about 1900 and I got him to speak at the Twentieth Century Club. . . . "

J. H. H.

## Jottings

"Modernists are religious Bolshevists," says Father Corrigan, in an address to Boston Catholics. "Modernism is Bolshevism in religious life, just as Communism is Bolshevism in economic life." O joy, joy! This is a "goak," to quote the immortal word of Artemus Ward. Our Unitarian, Universalist, liberal orthodox, and other respectable friends, all Bolshevists—the Lenins and Trotskys of the religious world! We wonder how they like this designation. They ought to be proud of it—but we don't believe they are.

---

It is impressive to recall that in May, 1919, in a memorandum addressed to President Wilson, Gen. Smuts wrote—"This peace may well become an even greater disaster to the world than the war was." When was a prophet ever so justified of his pessimism as this?

---

Bertrand Russell, soon to arrive in this country, declares that "the League of Nations, as at present constituted, must be regarded as a department of the Quai d'Orsay." We hope that he will expound this viewpoint in his forthcoming lectures.

---

Will Rogers is a great humorist. Also, like so many humorists, a philosopher! Listen to this:

> I have a plan which I will never receive five cents for, but still it would stop all future wars, and everybody could understand it, for it's only two words: DRAFT WEALTH. Any time Big Business knows that their money is going to be taken away from them and used for war, the same as their clerks and stenographers, you will stop all wars.

---

To Professor Ross's recent book on Russia may now be added another authoritative volume. We refer to "The First Time in History," by Anna Louise Strong. This is a first-hand account of the new Russia that is

rising under Bolshevik guidance out of the ruins of the old. It will interest our readers to know that the author, Miss Strong, is a daughter of our own co-editor, Dr. Sydney Strong.

President Coolidge continues to win delegates, and to lose voters. A few more weeks of weakness and indecision, and his delegates at the convention will out-number his voters at the polls. J. H. H.

## A Chicago Resolution to Outlaw War

The W. I. L. P. F. Chicago Branch at its regular meeting, Jan. 27, 1924, adopted the following:

WHEREAS, The consummation and maintenance of World Peace is the most important problem of the present time; and

WHEREAS, The United States of America by reason of its great strength and influence will be an important factor in the solution of this problem; and

WHEREAS, It has always been contrary to the spirit of Americanism to regulate and sanction any practice recognized as evil, thus it does not regulate and sanction immorality but makes it illegal and outlaw; when the right time came it ceased to regulate and sanction slavery but made it illegal and outlaw; when the right time came it ceased to sanction traffic in liquor but made it illegal and outlaw; and

WHEREAS, Most means hitherto proposed for the consummation and maintenance of World Peace have fallen short of these American principles in that they seek to regulate and thereby accept and sanction, the practice of war; and

WHEREAS, The time has come to cease to regulate and sanction the practice of war, but to make it illegal and outlaw, be it therefore

RESOLVED, That any presidential party claiming to represent true Americanism, worthy of the support of every citizen, must embody in its platform a strong plank advocating the complete and unequivocal Outlawry of War; and be it

RESOLVED, That all men and women in sympathy with these principles and purposes be urged to send a letter with a strong statement of their opinion to their representative in Congress, and to as many as possible of the following:

1. Hon. Calvin Coolidge, President of U. S., Washington, D. C.
2. Hon. Hiram Johnson, U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
3. Hon. James Reed, U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
4. Hon. Robt. LaFollette, U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
5. Hon. Ralston, U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
6. Hon. Oscar Underwood, U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
7. Hon. Alfred Smith, Gov. of New York, Albany, N. Y.
8. Hon. Gifford Pinchot, Gov. of Penn., Harrisburg, Pa.
9. Hon. Wm. G. McAdoo, New York City, N. Y.
10. Hon. Cornell Hull, 710 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.
11. Hon. John T. Adams, Munsey Bldg., Washington, D. C.
12. Hon. Wm. R. Wood, 710 Albee Bldg., Washington, D. C.
13. Hon. Arthur B. Rose, 193 House Office Bldg., Washington, D. C.
14. Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan, Miami, Florida.

Any publisher printing these resolutions, making editorials or other comment thereon, and sending a marked copy to Mrs. E. J. Gibling, W. I. L. P. F., 1010 Fine Arts Bldg., will be put on our mailing list to receive other matter of interest.

---

### SEA

What do you think of the wind, O Sea;
Do you think of it friend or foe?

I've watched you, O Sea, 'neath a soft grey sky,
When the wind was merely a breath;
And you changed from a shimmering ecstasy
To a sullen deep pool of death.

But a gay little gust of wind, O Sea,
Will wrinkle your face with smiles
That tempt the fisher folk into their boats
In spite of your whims and wiles.

Then your gusts will change into squalls, O Sea,
The squalls to a sou' west blow.
The little boats sink—while you're mad with glee—
And are lost—ah, the women know—

What do you think of yourself, O Sea,
When you play such havoc with men?

But you smash your head 'gainst the rocks, O Sea,
Your white caps are blown into spray
And you foam and roar as though in a rage
At the wind, as it goes on its way.

'Tis gone, the wind, so be still, O Sea!
Hear the moans of grief from the shore
For the men in the little boats lost out there—
Can you greedily ask for more?

Now you slowly sink into sleep, O Sea,
'Neath a snowy soft mantle of mist
So lovingly lain by the wings of the wind,
As your tired old face it kissed.

What do you think of the wind, O Sea;
Do you think of it friend or foe?

Be gentle, O Wind, in thy mystery
With the Sea as together you roam;
And carry my little boat safely, I pray,
To the land of my love and home.

*Montreal, Can.*

CHARLES RICE.

# A Great American

We have recently passed the Centennial of George William Curtis, a man who was never president of the United States, or eminent in business or finance; who never accumulated great wealth or commanded an army; but who in the best sense was one of the very great men of this country.

If the most intelligent people, I mean the really discerning men and women of the entire United States, were to name by ballot the greatest American living today, who would it be? Would it be Mr. Rockefeller, or Mr. Morgan, or Judge Gary, or Henry Ford, or even Edison? No. Would it be General Pershing? No. Would it even be Senator Lodge or Secretary Hughes or the President of the United States? No again. It would be Charles W. Eliot.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that forty years ago George William Curtis was America's Charles W. Eliot. Certainly he was great with the same kind of greatness as that of the eminent and honored ex-president of Harvard—the greatness of extraordinary intellectual ability, the very highest moral character, and exceptionally important and varied public service.

For many years before his death in 1873, Mr. Curtis lived in New Brighton, a little village within easy reach of New York, the great city with which for more than forty years he was in the closest ways identified. His home was a simple one, but filled with books and suggestions of art; and best of all with happy love. His illness was not long. At the funeral, which was of the simplest character, his body lay in his study, amidst the flowers which dear friends had brought, and the volumes he loved so well. Rev. John W. Chadwick, pastor of the second Unitarian church of Brooklyn, for many years his intimate friend and fellow worker in many good causes, made a brief address, full of tenderness and affection, and then all that was mortal of the eminent orator, author, editor, philanthropist, reformer, citizen, was laid to rest at New Dorp, in the old Huguenot settlement on Staten Island, on a commanding eminence overlooking the bay where the great ships forever come and go.

We shall understand Mr. Curtis better if we glance very briefly at the leading events of his life.

He was born in Providence, R. I., and sent to school until he was fifteen, when he was placed by his father,—a business man who had business ambitions for his son,—in a mercantile house in New York. Here he stayed a year. But literature and ideas of social reform, and not business, were in his head. Therefore we soon find him —where? Up in Massachusetts, at that wonderful nesting place of great thoughts, great hopes, great anticipations, great plans for the welfare of humanity, and great men and women (even if also of great failures and disappointments), Brook Farm; that communistic, idealistic settlement, where George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Emerson, and others of like temper and mould, were not only dreaming, but trying practically to work out a plan of more simple, rational life,—where plain living and high thinking, head work and hand work might go together; and where cooperation and brotherhood might take the place of the business and social competitions which rule and ruin so much of modern life.

Four years are spent here amidst these quickening and expanding influences. Then we find the young adventurer spending two years at Concord, closely under the influence of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau,—reading, thinking, studying, working, dreaming, growing marvelously—the powers of his rich mind unfolding like buds in the warm rains and sun of May.

All this is his university. And what a university it is! In our day of much study of books; of graded schools, and elaborate school systems; of colleges and universities with extensive buildings and laboratories, museums, libraries, bewildering courses of study and much machinery, the danger is, that we shall too much put our trust in machinery, and forget that infinitely above everything else in education is living contact with strong and noble minds. You know the story of President Garfield, how that when he went back to Williams College, his alma mater, and was shown the new buildings and all the fine improvements that had been made since his graduation, he reminded the enthusiastic friend that showed him all, that these things formed only the poorest half of a college —it was the college's men, its teachers of quickening and inspiring power, that had made Williams College what it was, and must continue to give it worth; and that very nearly an ideal college or university for him would be a wooden plank out of doors, with himself on one end of it and Dr. Mark Hopkins, the great and inspiring educator, on the other, and all the equipment a piece of chalk in Dr. Hopkins's hand.

Curtis had the magnificent advantage of contact in those six early and most plastic years of his young manhood, with some of the most original, fruitful, and noble minds that this country or any country has produced.

I said, this was his university. This and *one thing more.* At the end of the two years of Concord, he went to Europe and spent four years in travel—ideal travel—walking much, going leisurely from city to city, from country to country, taking time to see, to study, to come in contact with men, women and children, to gain vast funds of information, to form acquaintance with languages, to drink in the spirit of the people and of the places visited,—spending a winter in Rome, an autumn in Venice; a long time in the Alps wandering about with alpen stock in hand; a winter in Berlin; a season in Holland; months in Vienna; taking a trip down the Danube; sailing on the Mediterranean to Malta and Alexandria; up the Nile to the second cataract,—

> That mystic stream which flows
> Through old hushed Egypt, and its sands,
> Like some grave, mighty thought, threading a dream;

then over the desert by Gaza to Jerusalem and Syria; then back to England; and at the end of the four years, home. And now he is ready for his life's work. He is 26 years of age. All that has been said shows that he has read much, seen much, thought much, dreamed much, planned much, come much into contact with rare minds, not only on this side the sea, but on the other. What will his career be?

Most persons will answer at once, Literature; for he has written not a little for American periodicals during his absence, and everybody has perceived the grace and freshness, beauty and power of his pen. The prediction seems likely to be carried out. For his next five or six years *are* given almost wholly to literature. He works up the rich material gathered in his travels, and gives to the world his "Nile Notes," a charming idealized description of his tour up and down that strange, dreamy, matchless river. Then follows his "Howadji in Syria," de-

scribing in a way which for freshness and attractiveness of style, imagination, and coloring has seldon been equalled, his journey through Palestine and adjacent lands. A little later comes his "Lotus Eating," a series of brilliant papers, spiced with delicate sarcasm and sweetened with equally delicate humor, describing life at the most famous American watering places, Saratoga, Niagara Falls, and others. Then his "Potiphar Papers," describing fashionable society in New York. Then "Prue and I," a series of essays of delicate satire upon the fashions and follies of the time; and a single novel called "Trumps." All these books meet with great popular favor; and give their author a place among the most praised and admired of American writers.

And yet, we have thus far only hints of the real powers in him which are to appear soon. These books show well Mr. Curtis's purely literary side—his imagination, fancy, humor, power of keen satire; his poetical quality; his fluency, his richness and grace of diction. They give many intimations, too, of the seriousness, the high aims, the deep moral purpose, that are in him—lying back of all his brightness and sparkle, all his grace and elegance, all his humor and wit.

As a fact, Mr. Curtis kept up this literary side all his life, in the "Easy Chair" department which for 35 years he made such a unique and attractive feature of *Harper's Monthly*. Some of us well remember how bright and charming it was.

The really more serious work of his life began with his espousal of the anti-slavery cause, and his appearance upon the platform as a public lecturer; and then his acceptance, with all the rest, of the important and influential position of Editor of *Harper's Weekly*. In this last he ascended a new throne of power not second in importance to that which he had already found on the popular lecture platform. From this time until his death —29 years—he is not simply a literary man—he remains that to be sure—but he is also and above all else a political leader and reformer—a political leader and reformer not in office, but out of office. No movement looking to the purification and elevation of American political life arose within those three decades and a half, that did not have his winning and powerful support.

In four great national movements of first importance he bore a particularly conspicuous and influential part. One was the Anti-slavery Cause. Another was the saving of the National Union. The third, the shaping of the national policy in such a way during and after the Civil War as to secure first the Emancipation of the slaves, and then the best possible protection for them after they were emancipated. And finally, that immensely important movement for the nation's life and health—Civil Service Reform.

Into the anti-slavery movement Curtis came later than Garrison, Phillips, Parker, Sumner, Whittier, and most of the great leaders. Yet in the final years of that movement he was scarcely less influential than they.

Into the struggle to save Kansas from the slave power he threw himself with all his might.

He was one of the organizers of the Republican party. Into the campaign for Fremont, in 1856, he put all his soul; and in 1860 he was a delegate to the second National Republican Convention—that which nominated Lincoln for the first time. There an incident occurred, which shows well both his wisdom, and his power as a popular speaker. Trouble arose in the convention about a Platform. Many of the leaders of the young party were anxious to conciliate the slave holders of the border slave states. Mr. Joshua R. Giddings, a staunch abolition leader, moved to place in the platform the clause from the Declaration of American Independence—referring to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." To this there was strong and violent opposition: and Giddings's motion was lost. As a result Giddings and a considerable following, who were warm in their desire for the clause, were likely to withdraw from the convention, which would have been fatal to the Republican cause. Curtis seeing how serious was the crisis, came forward, moved the adoption of essentially the same resolution as that which had been defeated only in different words, and supported it in a speech so happily conceived, so broad and conciliatory and yet so patriotic and noble in spirit, and so electric and irresistible in its oratorical power, that the amendment was carried unanimously, amidst the wildest enthusiasm,—the convention rising and giving round after round of applause.

Perhaps nothing shows Mr. Curtis's high and unbending moral quality better than a fact connected with his business life. At one time—quite early in his career—he was one of the editors of *Putnam's Magazine,* when the firm which published it broke down, heavily in debt. The courts adjudged Mr. Curtis to be clear from all legal obligation in the matter. But though legally clear, he felt that there was to some extent a moral obligation resting upon him. Accordingly he voluntarily assumed the debt of $100,000, and for thirteen years, gave a considerable part of his salary, and all the returns from his lectures,—denying himself in many ways, laboring incessantly, sometimes giving as many as 100 lectures a year until the whole debt was wiped out. Where is the man who has left behind him a more honorable memorial than this.

It was believed by many in 1876, at the time of the very serious controversy as to which was elected President, Hayes or Tilden, that Mr. Curtis saved the country from civil war. Certainly those of us who remember that controversy cannot forget how dark was the sky and how threatening the danger. Edward Everett Hale tells the story of Mr. Curtis's service as follows:

> At that great moment in our history George William Curtis spoke the word which was needed to save the nation from terrible calamity. It was at the annual dinner of the Forefathers' Society of the city of New York, at Delmonico's Hotel, in 1876. That society embodied some of the very best of the leaders of business and of social life in the city and state. I had the honor of representing at their dinner party Boston and New England. It was at the moment when the Hayes-Tilden difficulty was at its very worst. Intelligent men and even decent newspapers spoke freely of the possibility of armed conflict. The dead-lock seemed absolute, and even men perfectly loyal to the principles of American government turned pale as they looked forward to the issue. In the distinguished company of perhaps three hundred representative men, at Delmonico's, about half believed to the bottom of their hearts that Mr. Tilden was chosen President. The other half believed with equal certainty that Mr. Hayes was chosen. I sat by a Mayor of New York, a man of high character and level head, who told me that he had postponed his journey to Cuba that he might be present at Mr. Tilden's inauguration. He was as sure of that inauguration as he was that he lived.
>
> Before such an audience Mr. Curtis rose to speak. Instantly—as always—he held them in rapt attention. It would have been perfectly easy for a timid man to avoid the great subject of the hour. But he was not a timid man. And therefore he plunged right into the terrible subject. Terrible is the only word. He passed from point to point of its intricacies, of which he did not underrate the difficulty. Then, citing the influence and high patriotism of our national statesmen of the past, he expressed his confidence that the good sense of the sons of such an ancestry would devise a tribunal impartial enough and august enough to determine the question to the unanimous assent of the nation. He said this so clearly and certainly that he carried with him every man in the as-

sembly. Almost on the moment every man was on his feet, cheering the sentiment. I know that the Mayor of New York and I, who had just before been absolutely at cross-purposes in our talk, were standing side by side, each with one foot in his chair and the other foot on the table, cheering and waving our handkerchiefs. So was every other man at the table.

Those three hundred men of mark in New York went home that night, and went to their business the next day, to say that a court of arbitration must be established to settle the controversy. By that marvelous speech of Mr. Curtis's I believe it was really settled. From that moment the whole tone of the press of all parties in the city of New York expressed the belief which he expressed then, and which that assembly of leaders approved by their cheers. And from that moment there was no more talk of civil war.

Mr. Curtis was never willing to accept political office, believing that he could best serve the people as a private citizen. President Hayes offered him the highest appointment in his power, that of Ambassador to Great Britain. But he refused. He did, however, fill many positions of high trust and responsibility non-political in their nature. For nearly thirty years he was one of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, and later the Chancellor of the University.

Probably no service ever rendered by Mr. Curtis to the American people was greater than that which he wrought in connection with the movement for Civil Service reform. Very soon after the close of the Civil War he began to see how deep was the present injury, and how great and fast-growing was the future peril to the country from the "spoils system" with its corruption to our political life extending in every direction. The subject was first brought definitely before Congress by Mr. Jenckes of New York. But its strongest advocacy was soon seen to come from Mr. Curtis. In 1871, President Grant appointed him Chairman of the Civil Service Commission, and a little later he was made President of the National Civil Service League. In these two positions he gave 21 years of indefatigable labor to the cause; and happily, he lived to see its substantial triumph.

Although in his earlier life Mr. Curtis was a Republican in politics, in his later years he was an Independent. In a land where partyism runs so high as it does with us, no man is so sure of crimination and abuse, as he who dares to go outside the lines of the great parties—especially if he has ever worked with either. Mr. Curtis found this out. But all the abuse did not daunt him. He dared to take his stand upon the platform which seemed to him the truest, and to support the man for the presidency of the nation, or for any other important office, whom he believed to be the most capable and the most incorruptible. Such men of independence and courage, instead of being maligned, ought to be honored with peculiar honor. Nothing so serves the ends of political corruption as that so-called loyalty to party which makes voters into mere sheep to be driven wheresoever the party bosses choose, and to be fleeced at their option. Nothing so genuinely serves the best interests of the country as that independence on the part of voters, which defies party whips and party leading strings and party slavery, and dares to say to parties, Give us worthy platforms and we will stand on them; otherwise not. Give us honorable, honest, capable, incorruptible men and we will vote for them. Otherwise never. This was the position occupied by Mr. Curtis and urged by him upon others as a duty. No wonder, therefore, that the great machine-run and spoils-seeking parties maligned him. But such abuse was noblest praise.

Mr. Curtis was eminent in many ways. He was a great orator. After the death of Phillips and Beecher, he was confessedly the greatest remaining; and in important qualities he was not inferior to any whom our country has ever produced. Oratory was with him an art most carefully studied; but always with a noble end in view. It was with him an instrument to be perfected to the utmost, that thus its service to truth and right and humanity and God might be the more perfect.

Mr. Curtis was a great editor. During the Civil War and for years after, the value of the service rendered to the country by editorial writing cannot be estimated. No other editorials were so much quoted or so influential as his in *Harper's Weekly,* with the possible exception of those of Horace Greeley in the *Tribune.* And long after Greeley's influence had greatly declined, Curtis held his firm.

As we have seen, in early life, Mr. Curtis began a literary career, which as long as it continued was exceptionally brilliant; and here he would undoubtedly have attained greatness, if he had not advanced from literature to the sterner and higher work of moral and political leadership. He was a great philanthropist and reformer. Hardly a good cause presented itself to the American people for a generation that was not helped forward by him. I have spoken of his anti-slavery work. I have alluded to the help he rendered the Negroes after the war. If space permitted, I should be glad to speak of his noble pleas for justice to the Indian, for the enfranchisement of women, for wiser systems of charity, and for justice and wisdom in dealing with the great social problems of the day.

I close with a few words about Mr. Curtis's religion. I have said that the services at his funeral were conducted by Mr. Chadwick, the minister of one of the Unitarian churches in Brooklyn. Mr. Curtis had been a life-long member of the liberal fellowship. At the time of his death he was President of the National Unitarian Conference, and one of the Vice-presidents of the American Unitarian Association.

It had been his custom for many years to conduct services in the little Unitarian church in the village where he lived. The society was too small to support a minister; so Mr. Curtis had formed the habit of reading sermons to the small company that gathered.

Here is one of his characteristic religious utterances, and one of his latest:

> It is the great service of Unitarianism in this country that it has insisted from first to last upon the identity of Christianity with goodness. There is not a Christian goodness, and a Unitarian goodness. The better the man, the better the Christian. Goodness and sanctity are identical. Goodness is not an attribute of opinion. It is not a quality of profession. It is an attribute of the character and life. A man may be a true Christian saint who spurns every dogma of the Vatican, who rejects the Westminster Cathechism, and who never heard of the Nicene creed. Saints are no longer ascetic devotees, mainly or solely intent upon saving their own souls; now they are our benefactors of humanity. He is the best Christian who is the best and truest man, and who most unselfishly serves his fellows.

No religion could be broader than that of Mr. Curtis, or more humane, more charitable, more full of "sweetness and light," more forward-looking, more hopeful, more courageous, more full of the Christ-spirit.

Is it any wonder that, inspired by such a faith, he lived a life full of bravery and good deeds? Is it any wonder that when the end came and his work was done,

> Sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, he approached his grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

God help us as Americans to realize what a priceless source of inspiration, moral power and national security we have in such men as Charles W. Eliot and George William Curtis,—men of incorruptible character, men of moral daring, men of brilliant intellectual powers who heroically devote themselves, throughout long lives, to the loftiest private and public ideals!

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A FRENCH BOOK—"LET US OUTLAW WAR"

Editor of UNITY:

Sir: May I be permitted to call your attention to a recent book in French on the subject of Outlawing War? It is entitled *"Deshonnorons la Guerre!"* ("Let Us Outlaw War"). *Par les plus grands ecrivains francais. Avec une introduction de Pierre la Maziere. Editions du Progress civique, Paris, 2, Rue du Dome.*

It is interesting to note that great French poet, Victor Hugo, who lived from 1802-1885, has particularly stressed the need of outlawing war. It is in the following paragraph quoted from the book that he formulated this demand:

"It is physical Force which is being put on trial at present. War is being impeached.

"Upon the accusation of the human race, Culture enters into judgment with War, and opens the criminal records against the conquerors and plotters.

"The people begin to realize that the multiplication of a misdeed does not imply its extenuation, that if killing is a crime, the killing of large numbers cannot be a mitigation of the crime, that if it is a disgrace to steal, it cannot be a matter of glory to pillage.

"Let us proclaim these obvious truths. Let us outlaw war! (*Deshonnorons la Guerre!*)

"No, there is no glory in bloodshed. No, it is neither good nor useful, to slaughter men. No, life cannot work for death.

"Ye mothers around me, it must not be that War, this thief should take your children away! No, it must not be that mothers bring forth children in pain, that men are born, that nations plough and sow, that the farmers till the soil, that the worker enriches the towns, that the intellectual contributes his thoughts, that the industrial produces prodigies, that the genius creates, that the multifarious work of mankind under the starry sky should make all these efforts, only to arrive at that terrible international exhibition which is called a Battleground."

Very truly yours,

*New York City, March 7*, 1924. JOHN MEZ.

---

### FOR 100% AMERICAN OUTLAWRY OF WAR

Editor of UNITY:

If the "profound respect for the ignorance of mankind" (UNITY, Feb. 14) voiced by Arthur Weatherly in his plea to John Haynes Holmes to come in on the Bok Peace Plan is the basis of his acceptance of this plan that "does not go very far," I trust UNITY will not be counted with the crowd.

The Outlawry of War appeals to the respect for the intelligence of mankind or that small part of it that suffers no illusions. *Delendum est bellum* may be on the proud flag of A. L. W. and long may it wave, but where is it on the Bok Plan?

The great virtue of the celebrated plan is that the League with teeth in it comes forth as an educational league. The admission is not in the first, therefore—that troublesome fellow every preacher of sermons has learned to respect, but after a section on the "innocuous desuetude" of Articles X and XVI.

If the United States is to go into the League of Nations as an educator, the rôle has been changed. Let it not be afraid of the ignorance of mankind or that a plain statement that War is an Outlaw will be "vainly beating the air." Europe has for centuries had no end of respect for ignorant mankind. America must take the other track.

Getting into the European league is not the first requisite for an educator nation. Staying out may do more to educate than any person can tell. Here is an unpleasant truth for the impatient.

May UNITY never give way to its friends to take down the now unpopular banner of all-the-way-100%-American-Outlawry of War.

It is admitted that the Bok Plan is reduced to an educational work within the League. Why can we not have a fuller educational program without the League? Never surrender the whole truth. Men may worship the herd God and when they are in that frame of mind it is beating the air to talk to them. But wait until they see the ideal way.

When Outlawry of War comes it will come so fast that old bloody Europe will rub its eyes. It may be after revolution and more destruction. It will be when leaders respect and play upon the intelligence of the common man who believes in peace more than diplomats and professors and ministers do today.

Cordially,

*Los Gatos, Cal.* ARTHUR B. HEEB.

---

### ANOTHER APPEAL FROM GERMANY

My dear Mr. Holmes:

It was awfully good of you to reprint my appeal for the *Kriegsblindenschule* conducted by Miss Betty Hirsch. Miss Hirsch was overjoyed when I read your good letter of January 24th to her over the telephone and told her that you had sent a check for $20 from a Mr. J. R. Won't you kindly extend my sincere thanks to him. . . .

Thanks to American help this School is still continuing, and every week or so Miss Hirsch rings me up in great happiness to tell me that she has found a full-time position for this or that unfortunate blind person. Considering the fact that there is unemployment everywhere in Germany, I simply marvel at her ability to locate people.

Miss Hirsch is a heroine. The way she keeps the school going deserves the greatest commendation. Not long ago she collapsed in school, and then only we found that she had been undernourished so long that she had merely dropped down from exhaustion. She simply won't take money for her services when the school's finances are low, and rather starves herself.

It looks now as though the school were safe until May or June. Mrs. Berger of Milwaukee was good enough to raise $100. But as to what is to happen after that time, I don't know. Dr. Strong is evidently making an effort to get some money. . . .

*Berlin, Germany.* LOUIS LOCHNER.

[I urgently endorse and commend this appeal to the readers of UNITY. Checks sent to me personally at 12 Park Avenue, New York City, will be forwarded immediately to Berlin.—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.]

---

### THANKS FROM BERLIN

Editor of UNITY:

I want to thank you most heartily for some gifts to my school which I received through your kindness by Mr. Lochner. Believe me, those gifts are a wonderful help to my difficult work and I feel myself deeply indebted to those kind Americans who understand the importance of the maintenance of that school which not only serves the blinded soldiers but also gives a useful education to those adult blind civilians who have no other opportunity to be enabled to make their living. 1923 was the most difficult year with regard to keeping up my school, but I am happy to say that 28 blind have left the school during that year and all of them have found a position and make their living for themselves and their families. I hope by the help of good people to go on with my work as long as possible.

Thanking you once more, I remain, dear sir,

Yours very gratefully,

BETTY HIRSCH.

*Berlin, W. Kaiserallee* 157.

## THE FIELD

*"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"*

### A CALL FOR A WAR-FREE WORLD

**Youth Replies to Lord Birkenhead.**

Everywhere today Youth is in revolt. The boys and girls who suffered and still suffer as a result of the world war are joining hands across the frontiers and boldly commencing to build up a new civilization.

**The Failure of the Older Generation.**

It is well for the future that Youth has imagination enough to conceive of a war-free world, and faith and courage to work for its realization.

Our elders plunged us into a world of war. They have no adequate plans for building a world of peace. Their half-hearted schemes will not satisfy the bold enthusiasm of Youth.

Governments still spend their millions on equipping armies, navies and air fleets.

Governments still spend their millions on scientific research—not for the benefit of mankind, but for its destruction.

Everywhere is chaos, misery and despair.

**War Is Not Inevitable.**

Youth calls upon mankind to have the courage to end these things and to step forward boldly towards a war-free world.

Youth says war is *not* inevitable.

Youth says war *can* be abolished.

War can be abolished by inspiring men and women to work in the spirit of service instead of in the spirit of greed, and, by educating men and women to establish an international order expressing this fellowship ideal.

**Glittering Prizes.**

Statesmen who live in the world of yesterday may say that "the world offers glittering prizes to those who have stout hearts and sharp swords." We say it is time that the stout hearts of Youth refused to wield sharp swords to win glittering prizes for statesmen and financiers. We seek not glittering prizes for a privileged few, but a golden opportunity of life for all.

**Up the Youth of England!**

Conferences have been held on the Continent at which thousands of young people from different lands have gathered together animated by that enthusiasm of youth which nothing can curb.

Brothers and sisters of England, shall we lag behind?

We must unite with our Continental comrades to achieve this peace ideal!

We, too, must share in the pioneering work.

We must not cease until Youth proclaims—individually, nationally and internationally—for *no more war.*

---

This is the faith of the Youth Section of the No More War Movement which has been formed to spread among young people the idea of personal resistance to war.

The following is the declaration signed by all its members:

"Believing that all war is wrong, and that the arming of the nations, whether by sea, land or air, is treason to the spiritual unity and intelligence of mankind, I declare it to be my intention never to take part in war, offensive or defensive, international or civil, whether by bearing arms, making or handling munitions, voluntarily subscribing to war loans, or using my labor for the purpose of setting others free for war service. Further, I declare my intention to strive for the removal of all causes of war, and to work for the establishment of a new social order based on co-operation for the common good."

Write to the Hon. Secretary, PHYLLIS BING, 6 Alton Road, Croydon, for full particulars.

### EMERGENCY FOREIGN POLICY CONFERENCE

**(Of American Producers)**

*"For Better Markets Through Honorable Settlements Abroad"*

This conference urges the adoption by the American Government of a vigorous foreign policy, embracing the following essential points:

1. Establishment of reparations within the capacity of Germany to pay, with France if possible, without France if necessary.

2. A reasonable moratorium to enable Germany to stabilize her government and industry.

3. Opposition to continued military occupation by foreign troops of the Ruhr and other invaded territory.

4. Sympathetic encouragement of the Republican form of Government of Germany, as now embodied in its constitution, and of the trade unions and co-operatives in Europe which are the chief bulwark against militarism abroad.

5. Opposition to international armament rivalry, including the construction of airplanes, submarines and poison gas, with the consequent increase in tax burdens upon the people.

6. Congressional appropriation adequate for immediate relief for starving populations in Central Europe.

**A Letter to the Secretary of State.**

My dear Secretary Hughes:

May I as a citizen whose views are rather typical of this section implore that you endeavor to bring the power of this country into practical support of the young democracy of Germany and of the various elements that are opposing militarism and force in Europe? I and

**OF MAKING ONE'S SELF BEAUTIFUL**

*by*

**WILLIAM C. GANNETT**

*New Edition*

Soon to be issued by

THE STRATFORD COMPANY, BOSTON

Grace, Charm, Humor, characterize the five chapters of this book which point to the sources of Soul Culture—

**Of Faces and Their Making**
**Culture Without College**
**The Thorn Bearer**
**A Recipe for Good Cheer**
**The House Beautiful**

Price $1.25

*Send in your order now to*

MISS JULIA R. BREWINGTON
111 Meigs St., Rochester, N. Y.

**The Blakely-Oswald Printing Co.**

*PRINTERS and BINDERS*

**Telephone Wabash 3854** **120-124 W. Polk St., CHICAGO**

### CORRECTIONS.

Editor of UNITY:

Would you kindly publish in UNITY the following corrections for my article, "'Dumb' but Bellicose" which appeared in the issue of February 14?

Page 344, left column, line 10—for "cycle" read "sickle."

Page 345, left column, lines 2-5 should read: "especially if the Government could be induced to divert a portion of its military appropriation to the cause. For 1923 this was over five hundred million dollars—twenty per cent of our budget."

Thanking you, I am

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE C. WHEELER.

### "THE LAND OF THE FREE"

Dear friend:

. . . On Saturday a comrade telephoned me from Los Angeles to come to a meeting of the Trades Union Education League. Of course, I hailed this with joy. . . . I arrived rather late to the meeting (about thirty-five unionists present) sat on the back seat listening, when the door opened and a big squad of secret service men, policemen, etc., came rushing in. They took us all to the Police Station in patrol wagons, examined us, took our pictures, and tried to intimidate us, then released us in custody of our lawyer, threatening indictments for criminal syndicalism. The papers were full of "Revolt Conspiracy Unearthed," "Plans to Overthrow Government by First Overthrowing the A. F. of L."—the usual Los Angeles *Times* stuff. I seem to be doomed to be a criminal. B.

most of my neighbors strongly believe that France should not be permitted to obstruct economic restoration in Germany.

We believe that further acquiescence in the policy of revenge and wholesale misery symbolized by the Ruhr situation would reflect dishonor upon us as at least a nominal ally of France. Our ruined farmers join their voices with the unemployed of England and with the starving populations of Central Europe for the right to labor and to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

The program of the Emergency Foreign Policy Conference of American Producers seems sound, humane and necessary. Respectfully,

S. R. LOGAN,
Superintendent of Schools,
Hardin, Mont.

Address Communications to the Secretary, Emergency Foreign Policy Conference, 305 Lenox Building, Washington, D. C.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE FRIDAY MORNING FORUM

April 11.—W. C. Otto, University of Wisconsin, "Creative Morality."

April 18.—Bertrand Russell, "How to Secure World Peace."

**Introducing to you**

# ORIENT

**An International Magazine of Art and Culture.**
**Illustrated with Oriental Art Pictures and Plates.**

A Journal of World-Fellowship and Better Understanding between the Orient and the Occident.
Orient opens the portals that lead you to the ORIENTAL treasures in art, literature and culture.
Published Bi-monthly. Subscription $3.00 a year.
50 cents a copy
Announcing the $1000 ANNUAL ORIENT PRIZE for International Essay Contest in the 1924 Orient ANNUAL just out.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
(Good for Thirty Days only)

ORIENT MAGAZINE, 132 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed $1.00 please send me copy of 1924 ORIENT ANNUAL which entitles me to two following issues of Orient MAGAZINE, by which time I should be able to decide if I would like to continue to be a subscriber.

Name .....
Dated ..... Address .....

# *For Restful Nights*

Drink a glass of pure, sweet BOWMAN'S MILK each night before you retire.

Its creamy richness tranquilizes troubled nerves and helps you drift swiftly into restful slumber.

## BOWMAN DAIRY Company

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
*STEAM—DOMESTIC*
COAL
TELEPHONE WABASH 5028
Main Office:
28 E. Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

**It's a "Case" of Necessity**

**Your Printing will be above criticism if done by**

THE OAKLAND PRESS
3913 Cottage Grove
Tel., Atlantic 1876

# *DREXEL State Bank*

**Cottage Grove Ave. *and* Oakwood Blvd.**

Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .

*Your savings and checking account cordially invited*

***Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars***

## *IN MARCH*

The expectant feeling of Spring is in the air. It's high time to get ready the new season's apparel—to start the big home cleaning. Therefore we suggest the cleansing of both garments and home furnishings by our process of continuous clarification—the most efficient possible.

*Schumann & Co*
Cleaners Dyers

PHONE DREXEL 0231 : : : : : ALL DEPARTMENTS
MAIN OFFICE AND WORK
*3960 Cottage Grove Avenue*

***Subscribe for and read*** UNITY